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THE
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CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata inaret, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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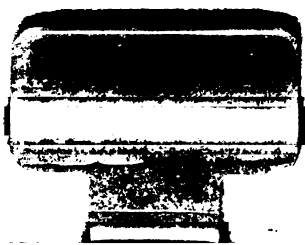
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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. IV.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '60.

R. S. DAVIS,

W. FOWLER,

E. G. HOLDEN,

W. C. JOHNSTON,

C. H. OWEN.

The English Language in Yale College.

WE are told that the English language not only contains already many of the most perfect productions of the human mind, but is capable of containing the most perfect; that, as a vehicle of human thought, it surpasses not only all living languages, but even those that were spoken and studied in the palmiest days of Athens and Rome; that it combines with the strength of the Saxon, the fluency of the Latin, and the terseness of the Greek; in short, that there is no thought, however intricate or sublime, which the human mind can grasp, no emotion, however subtle or overwhelming, which the human heart can feel, but what may find adequate expression in words and sentences of the English language. So we are told. As Americans, we are by no means inclined to disbelieve this testimony of high authority, to the worth of our mother tongue. It is no more proposed however, to attempt a proof of the statement, than to deny it. But, taking it as granted, we leap at once to the conclusion, that this, in addition to the fact that we speak the language, should incite us, as students, to perfection in its attainment. We shall content ourselves, in speaking on this theme, with an humble sphere; one, nevertheless, which is neither insignificant nor trivial,—its orthoëpy and orthography.

VOL. XXV.

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Let us first ask, '*Is there any necessity for a definite standard in pronouncing and spelling?*' Does not the barbarous phraseology of the backwoodsman and the forester sufficiently convey his ideas? Is not the end of language attained when thoughts are communicated from mind to mind? Is there, then, any necessity of that precision in writing and speaking, which demands that every word be pronounced and spelled according to an unvarying standard, when the idea intended, in a vast majority of cases, would be just as well understood without? No sensibly educated man can hesitate respecting an answer. In the first place, the inevitable tendency of a no-standard system would finally lead to so great a disparity, that the language would no longer remain a medium of thought; in the second place, supposing that persons could still understand each other, the difference of pronunciation would not fail to detract attention—a fact which would necessarily preclude success in oratory; and lastly, such looseness would prevent that discipline of mind in the acquiring and retaining of the language, which cannot but elevate every mental faculty we possess; a fact well illustrated in ancient Greece, where, whether it rose from a natural disposition or not, the refined sensitiveness which lead the people to hoot the orator that mispronounced the language, was accompanied by the highest refinement of taste, in every art. All this is axiomatic. There is a necessity that the standard should exist, and that we should abide by it. The fact that there is no particular standard, universally recognized wherever the English language is spoken, although it is to be regretted, presents no serious difficulty. There are standards; they agree in a vast majority of cases, and when there is difference, it is not difficult to remember and allow both authorities. The disagreement of lexicographers in a few rare instances, gives no one the liberty of disregarding all authority, and setting up one's own whims in its stead.

We do not fear that any will raise serious objections to the theory. In practice, however, among us the subject is considered of no importance. As students in College, we perhaps consider it below us to pay attention to it. We think it requires no patient study to know how to pronounce, or spell, or parse our own language. We have learnt so much Latin and Greek and Mathematics, that, even supposing we were not thorough masters of all English branches before we came to College, we expect to become so by intuition. In this way, we grow into our pronunciation, tolerably correct it may be, like great babies, by hearing others. The dictionary is not much used; and as to getting

an insight into the structure of English words, or into any rules upon which their pronunciation may depend, it is scarcely thought of, and then only to give it up as useless.

As a result of this loose system, there follows in the conversation of College, a hap-hazard pronunciation of all words of unusual occurrence. Mistakes are often made in the recitation room,—and not only by students—of which no notice is ever taken. And very often, probably, the instructor is as ignorant of the correct pronunciation as the student. A tutor, who has been himself through the same course, a few years previous, and whose attention is less likely to be called to this humble subject after graduation, than in his College course even, will probably care as little for English pronunciation as the student. The only case in our recollection, of an instructor's attempting to correct, was one where the word was rightly pronounced, and the correction made by the tutor was upheld by no competent authority whatever. We continually hear from our instructors such sounds as '*variegate*,' '*nomenclature*,' '*electrolysis*,' '*interesting*,' '*characterize*,' '*defects*;' obsolete pronunciations, as '*designate*' and '*corollary*;' the nouns rise and compromise, with *s* pronounced like *z*; and much else of the same sort.

In orthography, though not so apparent, the result is even worse. On account of the little attention paid it, it is possible that students may greatly violate the orthography of the English, and scarcely know it themselves. Nothing certainly is said of the matter; compositions are never corrected, in the first three years of the course. It is said, that a few years ago, one word misspelled threw a composition out of competition for the prizes offered. But now, certainly, this is not the case; furthermore, we know that a Junior Exhibition piece with over thirty violations of orthography in it, can be handed to the Professor of Rhetoric, accepted, and returned without comment. And this is not so very surprising, when tutors misspell in the official letters which they send to the student's parents. We have no doubt that a class of twenty-five can be picked in many a country district school, which, in a spelling-match, would speedily reduce any class in College to its own numbers, and then give the best of them a hard pull for supremacy.

The construction of words and sentences, where there is anything peculiar to the English, is also generally neglected by College students. It is supposed that the knowledge and discipline obtained by the study of the dead languages, will enable us to encounter successfully the difficulties of the living, changing language which we speak.

We once asked several members of the last Senior Class to parse the last word in a sentence like this: "the book is worth a dollar." Six different constructions were given; some explained it by circumlocution; some said 'price is put in the objective case', and one answered that 'is worth' is an active verb, of which 'dollar' was the object. Now in Latin, every common construction, even though difficult, is made familiar to the student. But here, there was great hesitation, and an evident disgust that the sentence did not easily bend to some rule in Andrews' Latin Grammar. In conversation, not only in College but in all society, the interchange of the cases of the pronouns seems perfectly optional and wholly free from grammatical law. *Me* for *I*, *who* for *whom*, are constantly and incorrectly used. If, for every noun, we had the six cases of the Latin, and treated them with this same carelessness, the vernacular would soon become useless as a medium of thought. Such being the state of things, it is very possible for a man to pass a satisfactory examination and enter Yale College, to pass with high honors over the curriculum of its studies, and finally to be pronounced, by men high in educational authority, a Bachelor and Master of Arts and Sciences, without knowing how to *pronounce*, *write*, or *construct* the words of his mother tongue more thoroughly than the average of boys when first beginning their classical education.

As a remedy, it cannot be seriously proposed that exercises in spelling and parsing should daily drill the College student, or even that much time should be devoted to examination on these points, at the time of admission. The Faculty of a College have a right to assume that all this is mastered long before coming to College. But the trouble is, the present system gives no means of testing the assumption. To effect this, every instructor should not only himself be thoroughly versed in all these points, but should be fully engaged in imparting his knowledge at every opportunity; so that the student will find it as difficult to succeed without it, as to master Homer without the ability to decline a Greek noun, or to understand the Calculus without knowing the four ground rules of Arithmetic. And were our attention so directed, we would soon, from a sense of its utility, make the study of this subject habitual. In the Latin recitations, even of Junior year, we are drilled on the minutest points of pronunciation, according to a system, too, which is only accepted in England and America. But this drill is necessary, because it gives discipline, and affords the pleasure arising from, as it were, a natural love of system and order. A

corresponding drill in our own language would be as much more beneficial, as the English is more used than the Latin. The directors of every American University should see that this drill is obtained either before or during its course of study.

The higher theme of a thorough course of study in all branches of English literature well deserves immediate, thorough, practical attention. And here we would like to refer to a highly valuable article on this subject by Wolcott Calkins, of the class of 1856, entitled "A Course of Study in the English Language and Literature suitable for Colleges and High Schools," printed in the first number of the Undergraduate Quarterly. When such a course of study as is there recommended, is adopted, it will no longer be possible for a student to graduate from Yale College without a knowledge of, and interest in, the beauty and strength of his native tongue, and consequently in the humbler, but equally necessary principles, which teach him how to pronounce and write it correctly,—a thing which many graduates never learn.

W. C. J.

Cramming.

Time has wrought two changes in our American Colleges; it has made the course of study more difficult, and the method of study more slack. In the early days of this College, men came here to get knowledge; we come to get a degree. The zeal for information which made our grandfathers recite in the entries of South Middle, would be looked for in vain among the present generation of students.

The character of a nation, the philologists tell us, may be read from its language, and so in our College microcosm, the words we use tell the ideas we live under. Take the word *cramming*, and with the rest of its family, *rush*, *fizzle*, *flunk* and *pony*, it tells you at once the secret of College life. It tells you that, in College sentiment, how a man recites is everything; and how he studies and what he knows, nothing. We students have very clear eyes for the follies of the world; we read Carlyle with dauntless energy, and worship heroes and cry down shams; and yet, here we are, living and acting contentedly under a system which is the complication of the worst of shams. Look at our daily course of life. Instead of studying for improvement, we

study for recitation. The classics we prefer to cultivate through an English medium: our memory we strengthen by "skinning-papers;" and our examinations we pass by means of a stock of knowledge got in the day before, and to be got out the day after, as the Western banks once a year borrow a supply of specie for a few hours, to meet the visit of the Treasury Commissioners. But while all these habits of ours are bad, the worst—and indeed the foundation of them all—is our system of cramming.

If it were not for this, studying merely to make a good recitation, whether with or without ponies and skinning-papers, would be impossible; however well it might succeed through the term, it would fall at the day of reckoning at the end. But with its aid, the most superficial scholarship may come out best at the examination, as it often does in the recitation-room. Not that I would say that the practice of cramming is at all confined to poor scholars. I suppose there is not a man in College who would go into a Mathematical examination, at least, without special preparation of some kind. The better scholars will cram for an "appointment," and the poorer for "average." Besides its effect on the mind, again, and on one's habit of study, it is often of permanent injury to the health. In one of our last classes, I can think of two instances; one where the hair of the student, after a night of incessant cramming, turned gray; and another where, under like circumstances, a man was obliged to leave College with his eyesight ruined for life. And I suppose that every student can remember many similar cases.

Now, whose fault is this? Not that of the student, for every student crams, and what all do is a necessity, and not a fault. The blame lies with that system of instruction which necessitates it. No man can pass one of our Biennial examinations, as they are now conducted, without lowering his stand, unless he prepares himself expressly for it, or, in other words, crams. And about his stand, no student, whatever he may say, is indifferent. The men who talk loudest about their contempt of "stand," are the very ones to spend their nights cramming in secret. No man, after an eighteen months interval, can remember the demonstrations in Euclid, and the formulas in Algebra, well enough to have any assurance of doing well in an examination upon them. No man can remember, when Biennial comes, without cramming, the thousand and one dates he may have come across in two years' Latin and Greek, the situation of places, or who was everybody's (reputed) father. And in our Term examinations it is much the same thing.

We think it hard enough to have a lesson of twenty pages in review in mathematics, and how much harder is it to have a lesson of two hundred pages in review on examination. Even as preparation for these examinations, our system of reviewing is manifestly insufficient, while, as far as Biennials are concerned, it is practically useless. In mathematics, the examples, all that really fix the principles in the mind, are uniformly omitted, and in the languages hardly anything but the translation is or can be required in the limits of an hour.

Take the last set of Biennial papers. A year before, the Class had studied Greek history by the unique method of filling out a little synopsis as best they could; the synopsis running in this style:

"Clisthenes. Re-division, senate of 500 and its arrangements, heliæa, ostracism, strategi;" and the Classical dictionaries running each contrary to the other, and all contrary to the German work, from which the tutor drew his own information. Add to this that this history exercise was a very small part of the regular Greek lesson, and that only for a few weeks, and it is plain that the Class could not have finished the synopsis with any very clear idea of the nine hundred years of Greek history. And yet, in Biennial, the paper requested, among other things under the head of Greek history, an account of the "later changes in the Athenian constitutions made by Clisthenes." In such a case as this, special preparation, or a general flunk was, of course, inevitable. So in the paper on Sophomore mathematics, it was required to deduce certain Napierian logarithms from the expression:

$$\log. Z = \log. (Z-2) + 2 M \left(\frac{1}{z-1} + \frac{1}{3(z-1)^3} + \frac{1}{5(z-1)^5} + \&c. \right)$$

The significance of such formulas few men would or could remember without cramming. Such papers necessitate it, and indeed the whole system is virtually acknowledged by the Faculty. Many a Student, wearied out and sick with cramming the night before examination, has been told by one of his instructors that he had better prepare himself on this or that.

If, then, the system of cramming as here pursued follows inevitably from the mode of examination, the next question is, where is the remedy? Just here: Let all examinations be confined, as far as possible, to principles. These are all that we shall remember when we leave College, and all that we need to remember. Let all formulas be excluded, and all the regular demonstrations of every sort, leaving their place to be supplied with similar ones not in the text-book, though in-

volved the same principles. In the examinations on the languages, let few "dates" or "places" be called for—none which are not of the first importance; and in translation, let passages be taken, not from the work studied, but from some other work of the same author, or if that be not possible, of the same age.

And so in Philosophy and Rhetoric, ask merely for general principles without requiring precisely the expressions and illustrations employed in the text book.

If this were done, it would work a new era in College life. The inducements for cramming would be entirely removed, and in its place would come increased attention to the daily studies, and perhaps at the end of the term a review of the principles studied, than which nothing certainly could be more desirable. As things stand now with most, the object of each recitation, and in College ethics it is a legitimate one, is to cheat the tutors; under such a reform it would be cheating yourself.

The recent change in prayers, and the new gymnasium, show that our venerable corporation are getting at last fairly pulled into what our Sophomore friends would call the "march of civilization." Let us hope that they will go one step farther, and by thus putting an end to cramming, give the death blow to this worst of College shams.

S. E. B.

The Old Canoe.

In a quiet nook by the river's side,
'Neath a mantling cliff, where the ceaseless tide
Was forever sleeping, drifting by
With many a murmur, and many a sigh;
Where in Summer the lily and crocus grew,
Swung at its moorings my old canoe.

Idle and useless it long hath lain
Asleep, on the breast of the placid main;
The oars which so often the waves caressed,
Are folded, like wings of a bird at rest.
But still, in my dreams I long to woo
The laughing waves, in my old canoe.

How oft within it, at length reclined,
And wafted on by the whisp'ring wind,
Have I leaned in reverie over its side,
Gazing far down in the crystal tide,
And watched the tiny fish at play,
At the sunset close of a summer day.

And oft, when the moon from her radiant height
Looked proudly out on the stars of night,
How many a joyous voice and song
And ringing laughter, has floated along
With the old canoe, o'er the rippling wave,
While distant mountains their echoes gave.

And oft, when the storm was gathering fast,
When threat'ning clouds o'er the sky were cast,
When the cold north wind, with its billowy train,
Was driving with fleet steeds over the main,
Then on through the waves, like a sea-bird, flew
The trusty prow of my old canoe.

But now, in the nook on the shady shore,
It rests from labor, its duty o'er.
Like as a warrior, weary and old,
Lays down his sword when his days are told.
Child from its mother such love ne'er knew,
As I e'er shall bear to that old canoe.

In sunshine and storm 'twas a friend to me,
Thrice sacred to mem'ry it e'er shall be.
I may wander far from that dear old spot,
From the river's brink, and the native cot,
But wherever in this wide world I go,
I'll love with strange sadness that old canoe.

G. L. C.

Why we should study Physiology in College.

There is hardly any subject of such vital importance to all men, and especially to the student, as Physiology. A knowledge of many of the sciences, though advantageous, is yet not necessary to a happy and useful life. We may be ignorant of Geology, Mineralogy, or Botany, and yet this ignorance may not interfere with our moral, intellectual,

or physical ability to discharge our various duties. Not so with Physiology. In whatever business or profession we engage, we must carry our bodies, and on the health of these bodies depends our ability to use our minds successfully. Physiology then, teaching us the laws of health, is of untold importance to every student; so that none, conscientiously, can like Gallio, "care for none of these things."

We know there is a prejudice against paying any attention to the subject of health. In the present state of society few ever read or speak on health, but those who are themselves suffering the consequences of its violated laws. The result of this is, that we very illogically associate a care of health, and perhaps a little knowledge on the subject, with poor health. The truth is, that these sick men, whose thoughts are running so much on their health, never allowed the subject to enter their minds, until disease had taken a firm hold of them. When the constitution is once greatly enfeebled, the little pains which these people take, is far from being sufficient to renovate it. The fact, then, that such men are unwell, only proves *that they ought to have studied and practiced physiological laws long before*, and thus avoided their unnecessary, and yet unfortunate situation.

We belong to a nation which is physically degenerated. This is its reputation among foreigners, and among physicians of intelligence and benevolence. Every variety of disease is rife among us, while he is fortunate, who is free from some irradicable hereditary complaint. No man drives such profitable business, as the patentee of some popular panacea. One of these venders of patent medicines, whose name is as widely known in this country at least, as that of Washington, expends sixty thousand dollars annually, in advertising his remedies. If he can afford to pay away sixty thousand dollars, simply in proclaiming the virtues of his medicines, what an income must he receive from their sale? And what a dreadful tale of American degeneracy in matters of health, does this deplorable fact prove. But this is one example only. It is one of a class, whose advertisements are displayed in the columns of every newspaper from Maine to California. "The retired physician whose sands of life have nearly run out," by the sale of a mixture of *liquorice, slippery elm decoction, and honey, for the cure of consumption*, accumulated a fortune in three years. Go into any drug store and the first thing you take up is a patent medicine. Take up any newspaper, almanac, city directory, or almost any periodical, and you see flaming accounts of some miraculous cure by

somebody's pills. The fact is becoming more and more generally realized, *that the American people are a nation of pill-takers and dose-swallowers.*

Now what does this flourishing existence of quack medicines prove? It proves that there is an incessant and excessive demand among Americans for medicine. Where there is a demand, there will be a supply. This patronizing of nostrums, shows of itself the universal prevalence of disease in the nation.

Nor are we students any exception to this characteristic of Americans. We may not all be in the *van* of this army of pill-takers, but it is too true, that the majority of us are either enrolled in some division already, or are at least in a fair way to be there soon. We are wrong in supposing that only uneducated men ever patronize these patent medicines; on the contrary, professional men not only use them but extend their circulation by newspaper puffs. What patent medicine cannot display testimonials from ministers, lawyers, and other professional men? The places of these men we shall soon occupy, and probably many of us will do likewise in taking and praising these nostrums. Few of us are now in *vigorous* health. Yet we are not at all alike unhealthy in kind, or in degree. Our deficient physical education has not been fraught with the same consequences in all. It has varied with the strength and peculiarities of each constitution. *Besides its prostrating influence upon the whole system,* it has resulted, in one, in the falling off of the hair; in another, it has hastened the decay of the already unsound teeth; in still another, in weakening of the lungs; while all degrees of dyspepsia run riot among us.

But perhaps the result of our defective physical training, *as far as yet developed,* is seen in the general weakening of all the bodily powers. We have an instance of this in the retarded growth of so many of us. Most of us are shorter, or thinner, or feebler than our fathers were at the same age, while our average height is below that of the generality of mankind. If we compare the height and development of our classes with those of any body of farmers, or other out-door laborers, we shall be surprised at the difference. Our vital energy has been so constantly expended in nourishing the brain, and much more in repairing the drains upon the constitution from our want of exercise, and want of sleep, and of fresh air, and from the presence of numerous bad habits, that we have none left with which to grow. Our constitutions have found it to be all, and in many cases more than they could do simply to hold their own, without having any energy

to spare wherewith to grow. Our stunted growth and development should thus be classed among the evidences of our physical degeneracy.

Now all this physical debility has been caused by a long continued violation of the fixed laws of health. We think any one is amply rewarded for the study of physiology, if he is only brought to a realizing sense of the great fact, that the normal condition of man is health; and that every departure from health proves of itself, a corresponding and previous departure from its inflexible laws.

We study the majestic laws which govern the revolutions of the planets around the sun. We are filled with wondering admiration at the regularity, uniformity and immutability, with which these planets obey the laws of gravitation. We see that they vary in magnitude, in density, in velocity, and in their distances from their common center, but we find none varying in their obedience to the great laws which control their every movement. Indeed, were they animated and reasoning beings, longing to burst away from the inexorable tyranny of their central master, we know, however strong in the inclination, they would be utterly deficient in the ability. So omnipotent are the laws of Astronomy.

In the same manner we find laws controlling all created existence. As far as human knowledge extends, we can discover no exception to the universality of laws.

Can we, then, for a moment believe that when all created matter is so nicely and beautifully regulated in conformity to fixed principles, that the human body, the master-piece of Divine mechanism, should be left to exist in accordance with no unchanging causes, but some ill-defined and mysterious chance? Can we suppose that when the Creator made man in his own image, as his last work in the creation, and the crowning glory of all; that he should make him alone without immutable principles to control his existence? How strange an exception! How inconsistent with his previous creations! It may seem foolish to illustrate so obvious a fact, yet obvious though it be, it is in reality doubted, or only partially believed by the majority of students.

In the beginning of this article we remarked on the prevalence of ill-health in college, at present. But it would be wrong to suppose that all the consequences of these violated laws would be manifest now. We have mentioned above a few of the physical results most apparent, but we must remember that there is a vast amount of seed

sowing at this very time, which will ripen and bring forth an abundant harvest, hereafter. Youth is the seed-time for soul, and mind, and body. We can no more spend our youth in undermining our constitutions, gradually and insensibly, though it may be, and yet anticipate a firm and vigorous old age, than we can debase our souls by dissipation throughout our early years, and sin away our day of grace, and yet expect an old age of purity and piety. "The debaucheries of youth," says Lord Bacon, "are so many conspiracies against old age;" and so these little violations of the laws of our being, each inconsiderable in itself, yet making up in number and frequency what they lack in individual strength, together conspire with an accumulated energy amply sufficient either to embitter with incurable bodily prostration, or to crush out of existence the last years of declining life. Those who are following such a course, are sowing the seeds from which sooner or later they will reap the harvest. The Scripture doctrine, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is true in a physiological sense, as well as in a mental and moral.

We have spoken of the prevalence of ill-health, and retarded, and puny, physical development among us, even though we are in that period of our lives which is naturally the healthiest. We have referred to the physiological truth, that the laws of life are just as inflexible, and as well determined as those governing matter, or mind; and that, therefore, poor health proves of itself, a violation of some one or more of these laws, either by the individual himself, or by his ancestors. Having seen, thus, the great need of health reform among students and literary men, the question is, how shall we induce such men whose business does not of itself necessitate it, to observe these conditions of life? We answer, the first step in this direction is the study of Physiology, inasmuch as we must always *know* a rule, before we *follow* it; must always *understand* a precept before we *apply* it. We know that every one on reading this, will say, "Why, students know enough about physiological laws, but they will not put their knowledge into practice." This we deny. The knowledge, which the majority of students have on Physiology, is very vague and indefinite, and obscured by an impenetrable cloud of theories and doubts. Doubts as to the utility or desirableness of any end, paralyze all exertion for the attainment of that end. No systematic and energetic conformity to physiological law will ever be made by those under the dominion of these enervating theories and doubts. We can find all kinds of theories in college in regard to health. One thinks an ablu-

tion of the *whole* body unnecessary during the *winter*, if he only performs it during the summer. Another believes, that want of sleep has no bad effect upon him. Still another, that he may diminish his exercise, if he diminishes the quantity of his food in the same proportion; so that he may leave off exercise entirely, if he will eat very little. We might mention many more, but these are sufficient for examples. Students have no belief in the reality of physiological laws. They think the rules admit of very many exceptions. Their knowledge is superficial, and like all such knowledge, it impresses its possessor with a belief in his knowing all that is worth knowing.

This, then, we think is the great reason for studying Physiology, that a thorough knowledge of it, is the first step towards practicing its precepts; and on the conformity to its precepts depend our health, happiness, and usefulness. We believe that this study will before many years assume its appropriate place among the most important of the college course. Poor health is becoming too general among literary men to be much longer regarded with indifference. Medicine has been found too inefficient, even to patch up that being in God's own image, so fearfully, and wonderfully made, to still continue worthy of our confidence. We are sorry the subject has not fallen into abler hands, yet we trust we have done some good, if we have only avowed our strong conviction of its immense importance.

D. J. O

The Deacon's Confession.

It is unnecessary for me to tell in what manner I heard this story. I give it as I heard it from the lips of the dying man :

"I am very weak, you must not expect me to talk fast, but I cannot die quietly till I have confessed my crime to you. Do not shrink from me with horror. Do not think the things I tell you the mad ravings of insanity. A man lying, as I do, on the verge of a mysterious and solemn eternity, has no desire to blacken his soul still more by inventing false stories. Improbable they may seem, but they are the solemn truth. Is any one in the room? Well, listen then, and keep

these things locked in your heart. I have told them to no one before, but I must confess them before I die.

You know Lulu, my wife. I won her by a succession of terrible crimes. When I first saw her I was a clerk in her father's store, a large establishment in the city of N. Lulu had often stepped into the store to see her father, but always with a thick veil over her face. One morning she came while I was in the office, and then, for the first time, I saw her face. To say I fell in love, is tame. I adored her. I could have fallen at her feet and worshipped her almost, even then. But I will not pause to describe her, or my feelings. That day I made a solemn vow that I would win her for my wife. I, whom she did not know; whom, if she did, she would look down on as a menial; I would win her, if I lost my soul. There were two things to attend to. I must fit myself for her, so that she would feel it no degradation to love and marry me, and I must take care that no one should snatch the rich jewel from my grasp. To the first of these I bent all my powers. Night after night I studied and worked, so that when I became acquainted with her, it was as a wealthy and educated gentleman. I gradually rose from under-clerk to foreman, confidential-clerk, and partner. But during this time more serious business needed my attention. Lulu was surrounded by a crowd of admirers, but among them all was only one that I feared. Under a false name I obtained an introduction to him, and gradually insinuated myself into his friendship. Then I led him away from his usual virtuous life. I enticed him to drinking saloons and gambling hells, and worse places than these; and one night when he was deeply engaged in gambling, at my information the gamblers were arrested. Lulu heard of it and his influence was forever gone.

Her next lover was Mr. Harrison. With her other lover I had run great risk of being found out, and I dared not try the same plan again. In various ways I became acquainted with him, and he often gave me a sail in his own boat. One day we were sailing before a strong wind. We were the only ones in the boat, and I was at the helm. By a skillful maneuver I overturned the boat, and clung to the bottom. He was no swimmer, and quickly sunk. When I thought life was extinct I dove for the body and brought it up. I was rescued by a passing vessel in an hour or so, and taken back to the city with the body. As Harrison and I were good friends, the story I told was believed, and I was one of the chief mourners at the funeral.

The next suitors that I had cause to fear were two rivals, Hamilton,

and Butler. She seemed equally favorable to each, and for a long time I could think of no plan for removing them. At last I put in operation an exceedingly dangerous plot, but one which, if successful, would rid me of them both. I have not strength to go into details about it. I arranged everything, then had a note sent to Butler requiring his presence instantly at a distance. I bought a dirk-knife and had his name engraved on it. I met Hamilton the next evening, plunged the knife to his heart, left it there and ran. No one saw me, and when he was found, the name on the knife directed to Butler. He was arrested, tried, was unable to prove an alibi, was condemned and *hung*! The shock was great to Lulu, but she recovered after a while. She was not so gay as before, but that suited me as well. My passion for her had not abated. I had now risen to confidential clerk, and saw her often in her father's office, and at the house, where I often went on business, but as yet I had never spoken to her. My passion for her was a sort of monomania, or rather it crazed me wholly. I worshipped her, and anything that came between us was to be put out of the way. You ask me if I was not troubled by remorse. No, never till now. I adored Lulu, and never thought of any other deity. But I must continue. This pain warns me that I have not many moments more. For two years longer my idol was in no danger of being plucked from me by any one else. But then appeared the most formidable rival I had yet encountered. Mr. Maynard was a young man, of great talents, noble appearance, and christian virtues; in a word, just the man to engage the affections of Lulu, who was sobered down from her former gaiety. In spite of all my exertions I could oppose no obstacle. I could not gain access to him to corrupt him, and success in that way was by no means certain. I dared not try slander, I feared discovery. I dared not murder him openly, for it might break her heart. They were engaged, the day appointed, and it lacked but a week of her wedding day, when I thought of a plan. I had studied anatomy, and some reading in that connection suggested it to me. I procured a slender needle of tempered steel about three inches long, ran a thread through the eye, and with a mallet I was prepared. I gained access to his sleeping chamber after he had retired, placed the point of the needle at the inner corner of his eye, and struck the end with my hammer. The steel penetrated to his brain and he expired without a groan. I drew the needle out—it left no perceptible wound—and went home. The physician who examined his body gave it as his opinion that he died of disease of the heart, as he had been subject to it.

Lulu was prostrated at the news, and for a time I feared for her life; but she gradually recovered, even more beautiful than ever, from the pensive sadness of her face. She wore mourning, remained at home and saw little company. So long as the memory of Maynard remained, she was safe, and I devoted all my attention to myself. To shorten the story, I was at length admitted to partnership, lived in the house next to her's, was introduced to her, and saw her more or less every day. I joined the same church, though less fit than a demon fresh from torment, and played the hypocrite to success. When she recovered her spirits more, I was her constant attendant to church and all other places, and at last offered myself to her.

She accepted me, and we were married, and for fifty years we have lived happily together. Yes, *happily*! My heart is hard as a rock, and never has remorse troubled me. I have had high places in the church, and been honored by all, but they knew not whom they did honor to.

Now I am going to my long home, and I know that eternal punishment is near. Devils are waiting to carry me to torment, but I will not acknowledge it to others. Be sure you never reveal this that I have told you. Now "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his," and then—call in the family, I cannot live long."

He kept his promise. No one ever suspected that he was not the exemplary Christian he appeared to be.

H. C.

A Glance at the Temperance Question.

To all the Students, and many of the friends of Yale, the existence of the new temperance organization among us is a matter of some interest. The fact that any such society was deemed necessary here at this time, startled us somewhat, for it would be difficult to find so large a number of young men collected together, who exhibit so few outward marks of dissipation as the Students of this college. We are told, however, that Yale is not alone in this matter; that most of the New England Colleges have such societies among their members, and indeed, as nearly as we could ascertain, this was one of the strong-

est reasons for organizing one here. What the prospects of this new birth are, or whether or no its parents expect it to survive the diseases incident to childhood we don't know, and really have no great curiosity to inquire.

With us, the principal result of this movement has been simply to lead to a few thoughts respecting the past and prospective utility of temperance societies, the necessity of legislation upon the subject, and the means which nature has herself placed in our hands for the proper gratification of stimulants.

Temperance societies, as permanent, living organizations, have always proved failures. We can just remember the days of the Washingtonians. They swept the whole country with a perfect flood of enthusiasm. There was scarcely a school district in the Union without its Washingtonian society. The number of reformed drunkards was beyond all computation. But, like all things earthly, the flood abated. The organization soon grew effete, and quickly died a quiet and noiseless death. It was destitute of any living principle. With the semblance of life, it had within it no living soul. It was soon followed by the Sons of Temperance, Sons and Daughters of Temperance, Knight Templars, and other societies of a similar nature, whose number is legion. All these societies had their day, but their course was short. There may still exist in the country some fragments of these once proud organizations, but the organizations themselves are dead, and exhibit no signs of any resurrection. The history of these societies may seem a mournful one, yet they have left behind them, especially the first, glorious memories. They did their work, and did it well. All honor to the old Washingtonian Society. It was the pioneer of a noble enterprise. All these societies have disseminated invaluable information. They have given facts and statistics to the people. They have shown the terribleness of the liquor traffic, and the fearful consequences which attend a life of intemperance. They have been teachers of public morality. In short, they have created a *public sentiment* against intemperance whose value is inestimable. Many young men, especially, have been warned in time. They have lived their life not in vain, but they died as they ought when their work was done. Their mission was the creation of a healthy public opinion. In everything else they attempted, they failed. The pledge they administered was soon broken, and the rum-seller's den is still numbered among the things of the present. They have found it impossible to make any considerable part of the population believe in or observe a pledge of total abstinence.

Temperance societies are, at present, and will be in the future, superfluities. It is now disreputable to indulge in ardent spirits. The Students of this and every other College are fully acquainted with all the effects, physical, mental and moral, which follow hard upon the heels of the intemperate. No temperance organization formed here or elsewhere can throw any new light upon the subject. Its every phase has been presented to the public view. The bare mention of a temperance speech is sufficient to drive even those who claim nerves, into hysterics. Right and self-interest are the great motives of human action. When these are daily and hourly before a man's mind, and yet he chooses a course which will plainly lead him into snares and pitfalls, and probably end in total destruction of soul and body, candidly, we see little hope for that man. All the temperance societies in existence won't save him. Students, particularly, are well acquainted with the beginning and end of the career of the drunkard, and are aided by the cultivation of their mental powers in bridling their passions. If they fall when their capability of resistance is so great, and their knowledge so clear, their blood be upon their own heads. Little more can be done for them. The influence of association and example will, at best, be but ephemeral. While, therefore, we cheerfully admit the past services of temperance organizations, we consider that their day is past, and that any future similar ones will prove mostly, if not altogether useless.

Prohibitory enactments have shared the same fate of temperance associations. Public opinion would not approve them, or execute them after their enactment. Journals and magazines created for advocating the policy of prohibition have hopelessly failed. Prohibitory laws have either been repealed soon, or fallen into desuetude. Laws are nothing unless backed by public opinion. No such law as the Maine Law, for example, can, for any considerable length of time, be enforced. Men imagine they know what they want, how much of it, and how they should use it. That they are often mistaken makes little difference. Men think they are abundantly able to take care of themselves in such matters, and are apt to fancy, that when the law prescribes what they shall eat and drink, such law is a meddling usurpation. If prohibitory laws cannot be enforced in New England, they stand little chance of enforcement elsewhere.

Man's physical nature requires stimulants. Cold water theories and Graham-bread experiments don't suit him. They may be very nice to look at, but quite unpleasant in practice. The demand for stimulants

is as natural as that of hunger and of thirst, and though not so imperative, yet must and will be satisfied. No better evidence of this can be required than the fact that in every country, civilized as well as savage, stimulants of some nature have been universally employed. Their universal use is a sufficient proof of the naturalness of their demand. In this country, tea and coffee are articles of daily use in every family. Bayard Taylor is reported as saying that lager beer has done more good than all the temperance societies. If he had said the same thing respecting tea and coffee, we would have heartily agreed with him.

Climate, diet and hard work, have made Americans the most nervous and excitable of all people. They crave stimulants therefore, to an extraordinary extent, and this craving must and will be met by something. The question resolves itself into this: What shall this something be? Shall it be that which is highly intoxicating, poisonous to the system, which ruins a man's property and morals, and destroys his soul, or that which shall amply supply the desire of the body, without destroying health and injuring morals? Coffee and tea, useful in themselves, and by no means mere luxuries, have undoubtedly supplied the feverish brain and over-tasked body of the American, when he would otherwise have resorted to that which would have done him permanent and lasting injury. No doubt lager beer has done a great and good work in the same way, especially for the Germans. One hope for temperance in the future is found in the extensive and fast increasing cultivation of the grape in this country. The fact that the soil and climate of the United States are admirably adapted to the culture of the vine, is a fact full of significance to the future morals of the country. The value of the wine annually produced in Ohio alone, exceeds half a million of dollars. Connecticut, this past year, has produced two hundred thousand gallons. This American wine, in no respect inferior to the wines of France and Germany, must undoubtedly lessen greatly the manufacture of distilled liquors. We cannot but regard the opening of this new field of enterprise as a harbinger of great good. Temperance societies have done all they could do for us, and their day is past. Maine Laws, from their very nature, cannot be enforced. All hail to the coming era of the vine. X. W.

"Our Country."

A BILIOUS ESSAY.

There is, at present, a young and callow cadet eking out a saturnine existence in the Kentucky Military Institute, whither he arrived sometime since for the purpose of having his young ideas taught how to shoot, his juvenile hands to fire; and we are inclined to think, from several circumstances which we are about to mention, that the science of mental projectiles has received less attention from him than the art of gunnery. However this may be, he is evidently afflicted with that complaint which makes a man feel blue and look yellow, denominated the jaundice. We have not with us an accurate medical diagnosis of his present condition, but his strongest symptoms appear in an article bearing the title enclosed in quotations above, and published in a magazine, whose very cover is suggestive of carnage and bloodshed, being of the deepest carmine, and which owes its existence to the aforesaid institution of learning and shooting. Now, it has been said, and no doubt said truly, that the South can, if necessary, depend upon itself, not only for physical supplies, but also for intellectual culture. The latter point we think we shall prove.

The Esculapian Exodus, from Philadelphia, attempted to establish this assertion; their premises were fine, but unfortunately they vacated them too soon in terminating their medical Hegira by a speedy return to their senses and college. But let us listen, for a moment, to the incipient warrior of the Kentucky Military Institute, or to employ their own euphonious and elegant abbreviation, the K. M. I.:

"Our Country: Let us behold her as she is. Let us look at ourselves as others see us. And if it is necessary, let us make a mirror of the heavens, that we may behold our own workings."

At last, it seems, has the wish of Burns been granted, and "some power" has at length consented the "giftie to gie us," so that we may now enjoy the privilege of beholding ourselves in the light by which we are seen by others. Not a very enviable position for some of us we imagine, and, in many cases, a right upon which we should not strenuously insist. But who is the power who has agreed, for the nonce, at least, to be so obliging? It is our desponding cadet of the K. M. I. How is he going to perform this rather delicate operation of enabling us, so to speak, to morally turn ourselves inside out? By making a looking-glass of the heavens. We do not wish to be hypercritical, but we gravely question the propriety

of, and submit if it is not impertinent, in a little sphere like this earth, to think of thus casting reflections upon the heavens. "Money," we are aware, "makes the mare go," and consequently *quicksilver* is a most proper incentive to motion, but the application of it to the heavens, as our young friend proposes, which is a strange suggestion from one so little mercurial in his disposition, will not necessarily "take the shine out" of everything else that may happen to think that it can beat even the horses of Phœbus. However, we will not dwell long on this point, as we consider the whole thing impracticable. We fear this looking-glass operation will be found to be a chi-mirror. We do not wish our readers to suppose that the complaint under which our friend is now laboring is a chronic one; we are not disposed to assert this, for even if so, it is of an intermittent nature. He is at one time hopeful, at another, desponding; now exceedingly sanguine, and now excessively sanguinary; at one time he *limbers* his feelings, as he would his cannon; at another, a reaction takes place, and, like his unlimbered cannon, he is 'down in the mouth;' now he is so jubilant that, like his rifle, he seems half-cocked, and again like his rifle he shows us a terrible bullet-in—a bulletin of disasters, sorrow and woe, of whose approach he has just heard, and which he foresees are about to destroy "our country." We have thus endeavored to trace the effect of a military education upon the minds of young men. Our lugubrious soldier, after the introduction quoted, proceeds to compare "our country" to several things which have heretofore never been suspected of having any remarkable resemblance to our native land. His forte seems to lie in the employment of astronomical metaphors, and planetary similes. He says:

"The nations of the earth remind us of the stars and planetary systems."

Afterwards, they are found, by this analogical Herschel in embryo, to resemble suns, stars, planets, comets, meteors, shooting stars, and fixed stars; and in fact, however obscure may be his meaning, he has certainly thrown enough starlight upon it, to render it clear to all those who have been so fortunate as to have a single beam in their eye. The fixed star we don't object to, for, according to our friend's subsequent jeremiades, this nation, at least, is in a most decided "fix."

Our masculine Cassandra of the K. M. I. further finds an affinity between "our country" and a sun so bright that the 'god of day' can't hold a candle to it; thinks that "our country" is own cousin to an electrical machine, "from which the oppressed in every land receive

the spark of liberty," while at the same time it is doing duty as "the Star of Bethlehem," for these same unfortunate "oppressed,"—(we hardly think he refers here to the North Star,) and such seems to be the versatility of genius and flexibility of body in "our country," that its ability to adopt any sort of shape is quite enough to fill Proteus with envy, and the Ravens with despair.

Upon this, our martial acquaintance becomes absolutely jocose; not hilariously witty, but intensely ironical. Hear him :

"And above all, throughout the length and breadth of her ['our country's'] dominions, every one can worship God according to the dictates of conscience, without fear of the bastinado or imprisonment."

On the whole he is not so funny as we thought. He is correct in one sense. For, let Dr. Cheever or any other abolitionist appear at the Kentucky Military Institute, and they no doubt could "worship God according to the dictates of conscience, without fear of the *bastinado or imprisonment*," for they would be immediately lynched at the most convenient tree; whether they would prefer the bastinadoing to the lynching, would be an entirely different question. Now however, the bilious symptoms seem to increase in our invalid militant. Thus he proceeds in his threnetic oration. "Our country's destiny, I fear, is suspended by a thread." We think he has some reason to fear, until those in whose hands our country's destiny now seems to lie, are suspended by something stronger than thread. When that is effected our "mournful Cassandra" in blue breeches and epaulettes, will no longer see blood upon the threshold, and cry, "Civil war is at our doors! Spain insults us with impunity! Mexico murders our citizens without punishment!" O, our poor, old country! See her in the weakness of her senility! How the asses are kicking the defunct lion! Now our lachrymose cadet waxes belligerent. England has to take it. We earnestly advise every Englishman, who is hoping that for him to enjoy there yet remains many a succulent joint of roast beef, and many a ravishing slice of plum-pudding, to keep away from the Kentucky Military Institute, else all his gastronomical performances on the above edibles may be suddenly terminated by a dissection of his esophagus at the hands of our bloody-minded friend. Let him speak for himself.

"England, like the cowardly dog which has found the noble deer tangled in the woods, lays himself down so as to quietly watch it tear itself with the cruel thorns which beset it, so that, torn and severed, it may bear it away piece-meal in triumph. Oh, contemptible and damnable nation! you who can read your

glory in the downfall of others! who can read your riches in the poverty of others! but, thank God, have had to bow thy proud head suppliantly to us twice in our infancy! I hate you with a holy hatred. It would be my delight to write your ignominious history in your life's blood."

We think that our readers will agree with us in saying, that if England never felt ashamed of herself before, she must now have a proper sense of her meanness and insignificance, and deprecate the day when fate shall appoint this aspiring and truculent Herodotus of the K. M. I., as her historian. We cannot but admire the graphic picture which he draws of the John Bull-dog, lying down and watching this country, lacerated by thorns, and from the uneasiness which the nation exhibits under the present Administration, we conclude that they must be Buck-thorns; hence, he compares us to the "noble deer"—and we can console our friend only by saying, that as this nation *rose* up against England twice, as he suggests, in its infancy, we are only reaping now the reward, for "every rose must have its thorn." But still more gloomy grow the prospects of "our country."

"I fear the days of my country's destruction will only be preceded by war and bloodshed." That, we believe, is generally the case. "Then will the despots of Europe, who have trembled on their ignominious thrones since the Declaration of Independence, rejoice."

"Uneasy is the head that wears a crown."

This sentiment must certainly be true, for here we see, that these poor despots have been shaking with a moral fever-and-ague for the last eighty-four years; and it would not be strange, if, in that time, and with such a disease, their heads did shake somewhat. It will also be a matter of general interest to our readers to know, that the despots of Europe are octogenarians. But our friend anticipates a jolly time for them yet. But still more doleful is the picture of woe drawn by our hypochondriacal warrior.

"When the government demands the bodies of the instigators of the late Harper's Ferry insurrection, and they are not delivered up, I fear the consequence. It will then be left to a few States to say whether the "irrepressible conflict" will commence or not. I see hemmed in by a single barrier, insurrections, incendiaries, murders, and everything which is horrible in the extreme; and if it must come, we should prepare ourselves for the consequence. What may have been prophecy a month ago may be stern history a month hence. I fear the time is not far off when the proud Southerner will see his wife, or sister, or even mother, dishonored before his very eyes. I shudder at the very thought, and my blood curdles in my veins. Yet my prayer is, that it may be hindered in its course; that some youthful David may slay the monster in his tracks."

The condition of our young friend is truly alarming; in his excitement he has forgotten the laws of chivalry, as we understand them. We have always been taught that it is cowardly to attack a flying foe, and that even if he is a monster, he has a right to immunity if he only yields; but our Kentucky cadet seems to have lost a nice sense of honor, and wants some one to destroy the demon, even when he is "*making tracks*." If it will quiet the young gentleman, we will inform him that a David, although not possessing any claim to juvenility, has been found to slay this Goliath. Mr. Extra Billy Smith proves to be the man. Unlike David, however, in the celebrated contest referred to, he has discarded the "sling" as a weapon, and employs egg-nog. But this is a mere question of taste.

And now that we have got the monster comfortably disposed of, let us return to the further mournful lucubrations of the gentleman of the barracks.

"We have been told that each crisis has its heroes; that there is always a man for the times; but now, alas! we look for him until our eyes grow dim, and he does not appear; and in the anguish of the moment, we exclaim, 'would to God there was some Washington, or Clay, or Webster, to lead our country back to the path of duty as a father leadeth his child.'"

It seems, then, there is at last a crisis for which there is no helper. But he must remember that the exception proves the rule. But why should he ask for some one to lead us back to our duty, when we as a nation are old enough to be out of our "leading strings." "We look for him till our eyes grow dim and he does not appear." This is rather ungentlemanly on the part of the "man for the times." Does he wish to afflict us with ophthalmia? Will he make us look for him till our eyes overflow with water, and a cataract pours over them? We protest against the obstinacy of the hero who refuses to show himself.

Next we notice our friend in the K. M. I. is of an enquiring turn of mind, and again introduces his astronomical rhetoric. He is very anxious to know if "our Constitution and the labors of our forefathers is a shining phantom, a comet with a parabolic orbit," which is about to take French leave of this mundane body, and go off on a cruise in search of some "brighter sphere." We are sorry that we can't satisfy the young gentleman's curiosity. All we can say is, that judging from the desire of the South at the present, for home products, the labors of *the present generation* need to take no more trips to the South, for the benefit of the health or the Constitution. They may

be obliged, therefore, to seek some "brighter sphere." There remains no other course than to present the alternative of our rapidly-sinking invalid.

"Rather than see this day arrive—this day of our nation's calamity—I would rather see this country *again* submerged beneath an ocean, that its wailings might mourn forever the departure of virtue; that the tall icebergs, with their snowy mantles, might again float above this land, as if they were sentries guarding the spot where a free and noble people once worshipped at the shrine of liberty."

It is a matter of historical interest to know precisely when this young man saw the country submerged in the frightful manner which he describes. We suppose that if it should thus sink, the climate would be colder, and the ice-bbergs might sail around with perfect impunity. We think, however, they would make very poor sentries, for they certainly can't "stand fire." But then we believe that even in such an aqueous disaster, most of us would get on "swimmingly." The country on the whole wouldn't lose much. Its floating debt would compensate for its sinking fund.

But our friend is now going into the last stages of biliousness, and in despair he cries out, "Being as I am, the humblest of all her sons, would to God I could speak out with words so eloquent, that I could make my countrymen return to the harbor of conservatism." We presume that his countrymen will take the will for the deed; in the meantime what he lacks in eloquence is made up in modesty.

We come now to the saddest scene that it has ever been our lot to behold. It is the parting between this young patriot and several of his friends. Reader! "if you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now."

"But my country, if you will give give heed to neither thy reverend father, nor to thy noblest son, [Webster,] in the bitterness of my soul I would say: Farewell society! farewell virtue! farewell liberty! farewell country!"

Why did not our dear friend pause before he depicted this sad leave-taking, and remember the words of the old song.

"Farewell, farewell, 'tis a mournful sound,
And always brings a sigh,
But give to me that better word
That comes from the heart,—Good Bye."

How much more cheerful would have been the parting, if subduing his strong emotions he had addressed them thus: "Well, my dear Society, you are going, are you? I feel very badly about it, but good-

bye, success be with you." "Well, Virtue, you and I never had much to do with each other, but let by-gones be by-gones. Good-bye! I wish you a pleasant time." "Ha! my friend Liberty, give us your flipper, old fellow! Don't forget to let me hear from you, from time to time. Good-bye." "And now my precious Country, we must part. It can't be helped; but then you'll come and see me once in a while. I shall never forget you. Good bye! Good bye!"

Now we submit if that wouldn't be a more sensible way of taking leave of them, and would prevent the harrowing up of feelings which must necessarily attend such a mournful parting.

If our friend had only left "our country" (not literally,) at this point, we should have been much better pleased; but not content with drowning it, he must needs go and bury it, and worst of all, write an epitaph. And this is it:

"Born from the womb of religious liberty; in your childhood you wounded the *God of despotism*! In your youth virtue, industry and greatness were your offspring; you *was murdered* ere the star of your glory had reached its zenith, by the hand of *political and religious fanatics*! and was buried in the grave of infamy, with the Angel of Liberty by your side, bright and lovely as the blushing bride, pure as the first rose of Spring."

It must be very pleasant for our country to have such an agreeable mortuary companion as the "Angel of Liberty," but we question the right and propriety of burying an angel, who is as "pure as the first rose of Spring," in the "grave of infamy." But "*Chacun à son gout*." Has not the South a literature?

E. G. H.

While I was a Freshman.

Who ever forgets the experiences of Freshman year? The man who does, is unworthy of collegiate honors. I believe that one cannot be a man, or ever come to be much anyhow, unless he has been a Freshman in an American college. Without the discipline of that year, he is almost sure to be an egotist, or a squirt. But there are a very few exceptions. I number such among my friends, yet I cannot but think that they are utterly ignorant of the best part of College

life, and that a certain something needs to be infused into them, which every Freshman knows and feels. Somehow a Freshman experience is easier thought of than written out. Very often it would hardly do to tell the whole story for fear of ridicule. One always hates to confess that he has been taken in. If he has been drunk, he loses character when it is known; if he gets "smoked out" it ain't pleasant to have others know it; if he gets "conditioned," he feels cheap; in short, there are a thousand reasons why the peculiar incidents of Freshman year are rather too personal to mention. But I am an honest, sober fellow. I didn't get "tight" but once Freshman year, and that was only caused by a fellow's betting with me, who could drink the most Lager; it was not from any deep moral depravity, I can assure you; my worst offenses in the moral line were "skinning," and sleeping in chapel. In Freshman year, I sat on a back seat in the recitation room. I saw all the fellows before me, with their books lying wide open at their feet, and supposing that it was something in accordance with the regular rules, I opened mine and held it right up before me for greater ease in reading. The fellows all laughed, but I was so intent upon my book, that I didn't know what they were laughing at. At the close of the recitation, I was told by the tutor to remain. He began to talk to me in a roundabout way, of the necessity of cultivating moral habits; and finally, seeing I didn't take the hint, told me abruptly that I had committed a grave offense against the laws of College. He said that my case would be reported to the Faculty, and probably it would be necessary to inform my father of my conduct. He then gave me a copy of the College laws, adding that it was necessary that I should be familiar with them.

I went to my room. On my way, however, I met a Sophomore friend, who inquired how I was getting along, and when he saw the copy of the College laws, said with a smile, "I rushed 'em dead on my examination." That was enough for me. I spent all my leisure time for the next fortnight, cramming them up for Examination. My sleeping in the Chapel was simple enough. I saw the Seniors nearly all asleep and thought there could be no harm in sleeping myself, just as I always had done at the village church. I didn't sleep long, and when I opened my eyes and looked up to the gallery, I noticed the lame professor looking at me with a broad grin. The next day, I was told by the same professor, that he was very sorry to find me sleeping in church, and that it would be necessary to give me a warning, if such conduct was repeated. It is enough to say here, that I never

"skinned," or slept in chapel again. But I am getting ahead of my story.

My soberness of mind and matter-of-fact character will of course imply the truth of what I write. But I was very "green" when I came to Yale, and to tell the truth, my chum was not a whit the better off. He always seemed to "forecast his years," and was as sure, as steady, and as regular as an eight-day-clock. He had never shaven, and the light tender down upon his face was singularly expressive of his honesty of soul. We both had no mean notions of Yale College. Indeed, we had often debated the abilities of its professors, and had got the belief somehow, that they all had marvellously big heads. Our opinion of the College buildings was also very exalted. We supposed they must almost surpass in beauty of architecture, even the Academic retreat, the Lyceum, of Platonic Greece. We had neither of us ever been in New Haven, before we came with carpet bag and umbrella, to enter College. Inquiring at the depot, we were told the way to the Colleges, and with humble yet confident step, went towards the buildings which had taken such strong hold of our imaginations. Reaching the Green we turned into Temple street, and made our way to Dr. Dutton's church, supposing it was one of the College halls. We found the doors fastened, and were somewhat piqued at not getting in. Seeing a man near by, we asked him if these were not the College buildings. He looked at us as if we had insulted him, and said not a word. We were at a loss what to do. We had already seen a long line of brick buildings ahead of us, and were wondering what they could be. On nearer approach, we found that they were nothing less than the Yale which for many months had been in our thoughts. The students were out under the elms, some lying about on the grass, others sitting at their base, industriously smoking. Several came forward when they saw us, and politely offered any assistance in their power. One was unusually gentlemanly in his conduct. He seemed to feel our situation, as strangers, and learning that we wished to pass an examination right off, showed us the way to the Alumni Hall. I need not tell how we fared there, but it is enough to know that we got through after a fashion. Our friend promised to meet us when the examination was over, and show us the Halls of the literary Societies. He seemed to be perfectly posted, and I noticed he was singularly fond of comparing the merits of the two Societies. He said they were each deadly hostile to each, and individual members would sometimes fight duels with each other, if they thought

they could escape expulsion. This was all new to me, but it made me feel that things of great note were done in them. I even wished to join one of them myself. He told us, too, how useful they were as a means of improvement; how the DeForest prize medal was almost sure to fall to "Linonia," and that I might perhaps get it in my class. (Here he said some things to me so full of praise, that I shall seem vain-glorious to repeat them. He seemed to know all about us, our position at school, and our special abilities. We were both surprised at such knowledge; but since then, a better understanding of things has cleared up the mystery.) We visited the Societies' Halls, and concluded we would both join "Linonia." This we did in the evening. As we stood up to receive the pledge, such a burst of applause greeted us that for my part I trembled down to my very boots, my face was flushed and I felt that I had met with one of the greatest of College honors. Very many came to us and shook hands over the matter. Indeed, we seemed to be surrounded with honors and friends. That night we put up at the New Haven House, at the Society's expense, I suppose, for when we was going to pay our bills the next morning, we were told that they had been already paid. Since that evening however, I have never had a chance to speak to any of the young men who were then so kind to us.

The next day, with much ado, we fixed upon a room in South Middle. We chose one in the upper story, because we thought there would not be so much danger of being smoked out. The room itself would have answered to the description of an apartment in a feudal castle. It was singularly antique. The beam running across the ceiling overhead was carved with curious carvings; the window-frames were notched, and inscribed with the names, ages, and homes of the former occupants; the doors were singularly strong and massive; and the plastering and the floor resembled in form the gentle undulations of the sea. The next question was how to furnish it. Chum and I differed. I wished a carpet; he didn't. We finally concluded to split the difference and get a carpet big enough to cover only half the room. We also bought a centre table, two chairs, and an old fluid lamp; the furniture was all second-hand, but had been nicely varnished and looked as good as new; we found out, however, that we had got cheated in our chairs, to say the least; for leaning back in mine, I broke off the back where it had been glued together after a previous break, and the rounds soon came out of the legs of my chum's. We "cursed" the furniture man (not blowing him up as

we should have done,) and went in quest of chairs again; but this time we didn't go to a second-hand store, and we didn't fail to get stout ones. For other furniture we ranged our trunks along the sides of the room, and (before our chairs broke,) bought a second-hand bed, which, however, was a rather unfortunate investment, for we soon found out it was the dwelling of living beings. We also bought a coal stove, —the first we had ever seen. Our efforts to build fires for a while were certainly amusing. We let the fire go out every night for fear of breathing the gas and it was a long time before we really knew how to burn hard coal.

We took our meals at a Freshman club. I have no desire to say anything against the lady who kept the club, but I never had such living before. Molasses and flap-jacks for breakfast, salt fish and soggy potatoes with the least possible bit of pie for dinner, hot biscuits and butter which had seen better days and was bought cheap for cash, for supper; these made up our diet day after day through the first term. The effect upon myself was an almost incurable-dyspepsia, but a worse effect was visible in my moral character. It was customary to ask a blessing at the table. It was the duty of each one, as his turn came round. Now many of the boys were not what are technically called "pious," though they were all well enough disposed. At the same time, the grab law was in full force. The result was, that very often, while one was asking the blessing, the others were quietly disposing of the best things on the table. Our steward scolded in a mild way, but the fellows interpreted it in a quite different manner, as if he had said, "Go in, boys, and get all you can." On returning home, in vacation, every one was surprised at my rapid eating and selfish manners, and I was quietly advised to change my eating quarters. But a *poor* fellow has to live cheap. Now, I was a charity student, and desperately hard up at that. I made up my mind to board myself. I was the more urged to this by the example of certain indigent Sophomores, whose exclusive article of diet was bread-and-milk. If they could live on such things, I knew I could. So I lived on bread-and-milk nearly six weeks, until my face grew as peaked as a crow's beak. I then changed to bread-and-molasses; but it made me so bilious, that it had soon to be left off. I then tried beef-steak; but my steak was so tough, that I was kept constantly hungry, from the exercise got by chewing it. In short, such living wouldn't do. What under heavens to do next, I didn't know. But I was taught at least one lesson, which I beseech every Freshman, with tears in my eyes, to learn forthwith, nay, learn

from my experience; that is, *never attempt to board yourself*. If you want to feel lonely, mean, sick, poor, out of sorts with yourself and at sword's point with every body else, go and board yourself; live as I did, on the very cheapest food you can buy, and sneak around the city seeing where you can buy salt fish the cheapest; run around the streets, dickering with milk-men, and hail every baker's cart you can meet with for gingerbread; then, reckon up how much your expenses are, and compare your miserable, contemptible way of life, with a decent, honest, and wholesome way of living; in short, count the cost, and see if you are not the loser. Just remember, too, how I had to support all the rats in old South Middle. They used to come trooping into our room, even before we went to bed, and grew so tame, in fact, that they used to actually jump upon my chum's shoulders, and lick their chops by candle-light. It was wonderful how domestic they were. Now, I am a tender-hearted fellow, (though you wouldn't think it from my savage attempts to grow a mustache,) and the thought that those rats nightly came to our room from hungry motives, excited all my compassion. In spite of their domestic traits, however, hunger made them desperate. One night, not finding enough food on my shelf, they stole into our bed and wakened us by their attempts to draw blood. Chum started, frightened almost out of his wits. He had been dreaming terrible things, and it now seemed to him, half conscious as he was, that he had fallen in with the very devil. He jumped out of bed, trembling in every limb, and ran around the room in a wild frenzy, alternately swearing and crying from pain. I seized a pillow and went at the rats. They fled at once, and we took care to stop any further annoyance from them, by filling up every chink in the walls, at which they used to come in. It is enough to say, that we were never troubled with rats after that. Chum was both surprised and penitent when I told him the next morning how he swore at the rats in the night. We were not quite so bad off, however, as another Freshman who roomed near us. He also boarded himself, and even went so far as to lock up his provisions in a trunk. At this the rats grew angry, and in revenge, one night ate up the biggest part of his breeches. They were the only pair the fellow had.

My habits of study were quite as peculiar as any of my Freshman expenses. I used to sit with my body bent over my lexicon, the light right before my eyes, and my book somewhere beyond the light. In this position I studied eight hours every day. I was too honest to use a "pony," and never thought of asking any one a question. I was

also terribly in fear that I might get below average. My fear was, perhaps, increased by a private talk with our Greek professor. I asked him how I stood. He replied in his peculiar accent, "The average is two; your marks are above that; yet I would say that they are not very high; at least there is room for study." I concluded I knew as much before as after I had asked him, about my stand. But all this renewed my zeal for my studies, and I will only state here, that I stood in a fair way of taking the valedictory at the close of the year. I had hoped in this paper to introduce many other incidents, which come to me as I write, but I must wait till another number of the "Lit."

S. A. D.

Legendary.

" Well,
 His legendary song could tell
 Of ancient deeds, so long forgot ;
 Of feuds, whose memory was not ;
 Of forests, now laid waste and bare ;
 Of towers, which harbor now the hare ;
 Of manners, long since changed and gone ;
 Of Chiefs, who under their gray stone
 So long had slept, that fickle fame
 Had blotted from her rolls their name."

We might almost say that Sir Walter is chiefly estimable as a legend hunter. It is the quaint traditions, gracefully intertwined, which give the pensively pleasurable interest to Woodstock or to Marion.

But however much we owe to him for this beautiful form of preserving them, there is another debt that he owes, as well as we, to older and more humble bards, who had handed them down from age to age in that weird minstrelsy of ancient Saxon or Norman strains, or in the wild freedom of those ballads, which are indeed the oldest histories of "Merrie England."

The most finished art, and most brilliant imaginations, have perhaps cultivated our tastes more, impressed us more with wonder at the poet's power, but have never given us what may take the place of Irish

ballads, or Vikings' war songs, whose pathos is more touching for their simplicity, whose fire is more soul-stirring that they are untutored and unrestrained.

We do not say that the grand efforts of master poets in those ages which cultivated to their highest powers fancy and song, are not superior to these lays. The liquid measures of the *Iliad*

"θεά λευκώλενος Ἥρη,"

doubtless surpass, to a literary taste, such rude melody as Cædmon's

"Streamas stódon : Storm up-gewát—
Weollon wak-benna : Wite-ród gofeol."

But perhaps no farther than the language of the *Iliad* was that of a more refined and cultivated race. And even those grandest epics are only more finished and pretentious legend poetry, more historical, more national, selecting for their subjects a more dignified and more romantic or warlike class of legends, to

"sing achievements high
And circumstance of chivalry."

The noblest of German poetry is the "Legend of Faust," Catullus' most finished lines, the legend

"Devotæ flavi verticis exuviæ."

In many cases, the most pleasing efforts of master minds are their simplest ballads. Witness Goldsmith's

"Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray."

The best of our living poets, too, have won by no means the meanest of their laurels in the rescue of Indian legends and Scandinavian myths, or in idyls of those who

"Fell
Against the heathen of the Northern sea,
In battle, fighting for the blameless King."

With numberless proofs before us in the poetry of every age, one cannot doubt that many legends are worthy to be enshrined by those whose powers are richest and rarest. Certainly, in the preservation of them, even in the roughest measures, no poet laureate ever stoops, but often, like a most skillful painter, shows his highest genius in a few bold unfinished strokes which are yet the more characteristic and spirited in effect.

But it is not the proper course of the great poets we would discuss. They are not many. Not every century produces a Milton. This cant about "mute, inglorious Miltons, in every church yard" is, to a great extent, the whine of the unappreciated; the masses are necessarily inferior, deserving, in most cases, the common censure which, from Horace to the latest newspaper satirist, flogs them out of the arena with the most cutting lashes of contempt. Yet this contempt cannot be lavished simply upon the poverty of their talent. There is something beyond this—a slur upon idle dreamers—a really candid hint toward proper improvement of time and ability. It is that they have flooded and cloyed the public taste with imitations and poorer productions on the very topics which their betters have already exhausted. Every young poet apostrophizes ocean and the light of heaven, forgetting that since Spenser, to write a "Fairie Queen," which shall be worth the reading, requires not only Spenser's equal, but his overmatch. We do not speak of those multitudinous love songs and sonnets, whose folly is otherwise easily explicable. But in that emulation of what it admires, which humanity always cherishes; many have admired the beauties of standard poetry, and, in striving to be poets themselves, have only remodelled the thoughts of others, and been original in nothing but their deficiencies. So have men condemned, utterly, the love of rhyming, and have said to all who cannot be best, "be nothing—those who are not laureate are worthless." Rather should words of encouragement be given them with this censure. As Horace—

"Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis aequam
Viribus, et versate diu, quid ferre recusent
Quid valeant humeri."

There is benefit to a young poet, in his attempts, from the best of lessons in language, from the superior taste and refinement of pleasure he afterward enjoys in his reading, and sometimes in pleasure to his reader, if he will only confine himself to fit themes. If he knows his power, is certain of success,—originality, boldness, and accurate taste may produce something of real worth in the more difficult branches of imaginative and pathetic poetry, although such success is to be regarded as in the highest degree improbable, with the farther discouragement that such an attempt is an assumption, awakens expectation, and relies solely upon poetic power—a reliance almost invariably to be disappointed.

And there is a work for which he is needed. There are multitudinous legends, beautiful romances, strange myths, that cluster around every old place—even the humblest. These, are unrecorded, unsung, and die, for the very neglect of those who might and should revive them. And it is not a thing of little import that they should be thus forgotten.

“ Call it not vain ; they do not err,
Who say tall cliff and castle lone
For the departed bard make moan.

* * *

All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung—
Their name unknown, their fame unsung.”

To hunt out these legends and preserve them, is certainly not unworthy of the young genius, for herein was the noblest success of Homer and of the earliest bards. Nor is it yet assumption, for he relies not solely on his own beautiful expressions, but on the interest, the novelty of the legend he transcribes.

And there is enough margin left for originality, either in the choice of language, or even in the invention of entire romances, as perhaps in Coleridge's “ Ancient Mariner.”

“ Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia *finge*.”

There is almost an insurance against failure, a certain guarantee that time shall not thus be squandered, for he furnishes history with its ornaments, or at least awakens local attention.

Nor need we think his verse dishonored if, after furnishing the theme to some future Scott, it be forgotten—it has finished its mission.

The inspiration of legends, too, is more apt by far to fire verse with real interest, contrasting with the usual flow of sickly sentiment.

Massey, who in his attempts at pathos is guilty of such puerile sentimentalism as

“ baby lips shall draw
My tears in milk, and suck my sorrows dry,”

wakes in his ballads, whose irregularities are forgotten in the bold manliness of his battle lyrics.

“ Like the old sea, white-lipped with rage, they dash and foam despair
On ranks of rocks ! and what a prize, for the wrecker Death was there !”

Not only is there thus afforded a field to poetical aspirants, wherein they may have reasonable hopes of success, and some surety of not disgracing themselves ; but where there is so little assumed, one who

does not boast himself a poet, who does not even desire a poet's name, may cultivate his literary taste, and even please the literary world by a ballad or two.

Macauley relies on his prose for fame, yet his "Lays of Rome" are unrivalled, and Coleridge only found that he was a poet when he had versified the thoughts of a soldier, a traveler, and a philosopher.

There is room, too, for countless variety, for display of every taste, from the most subdued and sacred myths, to such rollicking fables as the almost blasphemous "Confession of Goliath," with its reckless drinking song:

" Meum est propositum in taberna mori."

What do we ask, then? Not indeed precisely the return of those days when every one must write poetry, to be a gentleman; when the lover was required to serenade his mistress with his own love songs, and celebrate her beauty in original sonnets; when knights must cheer the banquet with impromptu songs, and literati at the drinking bout impale each other with epigrams. But since there are some who must write poetry, we entreat at least our own contributors to abandon for a while the imitation of well known poets—especially to shun farther burlesques on the Byronic school—and try to interest us by some well selected traditions.

College poetry is held in bitter enough derision, but it might deserve a better name.

It was during his College course that Macauley wrote one of the noblest of his ballads, and Bryant has lent new interest to many a rock and glen near the walls of his College home.

To make the attempt here would be worth the trouble, in the folly avoided, even if it did not check the contempt of that very suggestive and frequent quotation,

" Nec satis apparet, cur versus facit."

And surely there is enough of former romance, dangers and quaint traditions clustering about our antique ruins, to be worth rescuing from oblivion. The sashes rattle, beams creak, and long oak-floored halls echo with the orthodox hobgoblin revelry. Will not somebody at least revive or invent a ghost story for North Middle?

C. H. O.

Book Notices.

The Undergraduate; conducted by an association of collegiate and professional Students, in the United States and Europe.

Printed for the Association; Heidelberg Univ., Germany; Cambridge Univ., England; Albany Law School, Amherst, Antioch, Andover Theological Seminary, Beloit, Bowdoin, Brown, Dartmouth, Oberlin, People's College, State and National Law School, Troy Univ., Union Theological Seminary, Univ of Vermont, Williams, Yale; THOMAS H. PHASE, General Agent, New Haven, Conn. E. D. McKAY, 155 D. C.

Such is the title of a new publication which now lies before us. Its purpose, as stated in the prospectus, is "to enlist the active talent of young men in American, and as far as possible, in Foreign Universities, side by side, in the discussion of questions and the communication of intelligence, of common interest to Students."

It is managed by the Undergraduate Association, consisting of Boards of Editors in the several Institutions. Its matter consists of Essays and News Articles, the former Educational and Literary—the latter Historical. The specimen number contains 153 pages of Essays, and 67 of News Articles. It contains, also, the most favorable testimonials from men of the highest reputation among American Instructors and Alumni.

In type, paper, and general appearance, it is equal, if not decidedly superior to any periodical we have ever seen. On account of their literary ability, their general interest, the news which they contain, the articles will be highly valued by every Student. The object of the magazine is well enunciated in the introduction, and well carried out in the whole of the specimen number. By restricting itself to matters of "educational and historical, more than to those of distinctively literary interests, it has made the subject of its discussions, those upon which the authors are, by their positions, associations, and sympathies, particularly fitted to write. It therefore seems, although it is conducted by men who, for the most part, have not finished their educational course, to occupy at once no insignificant place among the list of quarterlies. It appears to be a magazine of dignity and worth.

But it will be expected here of us that more than a passing notice should be given of a magazine which, as some have feared, will injure and finally ruin the "Lit." In the first place, looking at the design, and so far as we can, the character of the *Undergraduate*, in themselves considered, there is everything to approve. If it can be made

a medium of communication between the various colleges of our country, by which the studies, customs, advantages, and doings of every college shall be made familiar to every other ; if, moreover, this intercourse can be extended so as to embrace those European institutions to which now so many American Students repair, no Student can afford to be without it.

The feasibility of the enterprise is a subject upon which we need not have much to say. The difficulties consist in the complicated work, which the separation from each other of the many managers of the magazine, must produce ; the jealousy which may be excited between college and college ; and the obtaining of means sufficient to pay the cost of the enterprise. The first two have been sufficiently overcome, at least, to produce a number in which many colleges have willingly participated ; and the third, its friends are confident, will be effectually surmounted.

A question of more interest to us, in this connection, is what effect will its existence have upon the character and prosperity of the College monthlies, and especially our own ? Will it tend to injure or ruin the "Lit ?" Even if this should be the secret expectation of its friends, its proposed design is far from it. The fields of each magazine seem to differ essentially ; for while the one, by its profession, aims to be almost exclusively educational and historical, the other is more literary and local in its character. Being in different spheres, then, their interests will not clash. Again, the Undergraduate is published but once in three months, and a College, even so large as Yale, can at the most occupy but about thirty pages in each number, which is not enough to make any trouble whatever, in obtaining the usual amount of articles for the "Lit." Waiving the fact that many would write for the Undergraduate who would not write for the "Lit," and the existence of another magazine with which it could and would be certainly compared, would urge on the desire for improvement in its literary productions.

The only danger, then, to be apprehended, is that its pecuniary support will be lessened. It is difficult, of course, to tell what the result will be ; but why any Student in Yale College, as a Yale Student, should drop his subscription to the "Lit" for the Undergraduate, we cannot see. The local news concerning Yale in the Undergraduate must necessarily be more compacted, and not so fresh as it is or ought to be in the "Lit." He will certainly obtain it there sooner and better than anywhere else.

We know, also, by experience, that the establishment of new daily and religious newspapers and publications of all kinds, even when their fields are the same, and their object is to injure some existing publication, only tends to widen the field of readers, and cause both publications to flourish. Such was the case of the New York Observer, Independent and Evangelist; and also of the New York Times, in opposition to the Herald and Tribune.

If we saw in the rise of the Undergraduate the downfall of the "Lit," which for 26 years has been the chosen vessel to bear Yalensia's treasures down to posterity, we could not but grieve. But as we see it, in itself, a worthy enterprise, destined to accomplish good, and to acquaint college with college, and can see no probability that it will materially affect the prospects of the Yale Literary Magazine, but rather that it will prove a stimulus to its improvement, we wish it no harm, and welcome it heartily into the circle of American periodicals.

Reminiscences of Rufus Choate; by EDWARD G. PARKER. New York, Mason Brothers.

A book of interest to every Student—of especial interest to all contemplating studying the law as a profession. It is evidently written by one who was on the most intimate terms with the great advocate; and in it we find those off-hand expressions of Choate on every subject—politics, religion, literature, science, which will be read with peculiar interest. His remarks and criticisms on leading orators of ancient and modern times, the living and the dead, differ in many respects from those of most critics. The anecdotes and the letters contribute greatly to the value and interest of the volume. For sale at 155 Divinity College.

Tom Brown at Oxford: A Sequel to School Days at Rugby; by THOS. HUGHES. Boston, Ticknor & Fields.

This work is published in monthly parts, of which the first three are already issued. They give promise of a work invaluable to the Student of every grade; and no one who has read the author's 'School Days at Rugby' will fail to obtain 'Tom Brown at Oxford.' For sale at McKay's, 155 D. C.

Eclectic Magazine; February, 1860.

This number of this admirable monthly contains steel portraits of

'Wellington' and 'Victoria.' The articles are, it seems to us, especially readable. That on "Earthquakes and their Phenomena," is somewhat startling in its statistics. "Bushnell on Miracles," and "Motley's Dutch Republic," should be read by all.

For sale as above.

Jacob S. Souder, a member of the Class of 1863, was drowned while skating on the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia, Dec. 25, 1869. The following Resolutions of his classmates have been handed to us for publication :

WHEREAS, An all-wise Providence has, by death, removed from our midst Jacob S. Souder, a loved companion and respected classmate—

Resolved, That while in this affliction we recognize the hand of "Him who doeth all things well," we unanimously testify our deep sense of the loss we have sustained, our regard for the deceased in all the relations of our intercourse, our respect for his many virtues, and appreciation of his high abilities.

Resolved, That in the sudden removal of one in the midst of health and increasing usefulness, from our hitherto unbroken band, we acknowledge the solemn admonition which comes to us all.

Resolved, That in this our mutual affliction, we tender to the wide circle of mourning friends our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That as a simple token of our respect and sorrow, we, as a class, wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the relatives of the deceased, and be inserted in the Yale Literary Magazine, and in a daily paper of this city,

Class of 1863.

L. T. CHAMBERLAIN,
JOHN S. FISK,
WM. C. WHITNEY. } Com.

Yale College, Jan. 9, 1860.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

On Wednesday evening, December 18th, the following election of officers were made by the literary societies :

Brothers in Unity.

President.

WILLIAM C. JOHNSTON.

Vice President.

MARCUS P. KNOWLTON.

Secretary.

JOHN B. PEARSE,

Vice Secretary.

RICHARD SKINNER.

Linonia.

President.

EDWARD G. HOLDEN.

Vice President.

JOHN M. MORRIS.

Secretary.

ALEXANDER P. ROOT.

Vice Secretary.

MELVILLE C. DAY.

The Junior appointments in the class of '61 were handed to the class on Wednesday evening, December 21st, 1859. It is needless to say they gave as much satisfaction, and that the class were as pleased with them, as is usually the case. The following is the list; those on the same grade being placed in alphabetical order :

LATIN ORATION.

Tracy Peck, jr.

PHILOSOPHICAL ORATIONS.

Simeon E. Baldwin,

Walter Hanford.

J. L. Harmar.

HIGH ORATIONS.

Hubbard Arnold,
Franklin B. Dexter,
Francis E. Kernochan,
John Mitchel,
Joseph L. Shipley,

James G. Clark,
Henry R. Durfee,
Chas. G. G. Merrill,
Charles P. Otis,
Gilbert M. Stocking.

George G. Bonney,
William Cook,
Anthony Higgins,
Harvey S. Kitchel,
Edward P. Payson,

Milton Buckley,
Wm. H. Higbee,
Jas. N. Hyde,
Nathaniel S. Moore,
Geo. C. Perkins,

John G. Tucker.

DISSERTATIONS.

John N. Brennan,
S. Arthur Bent,
Paul W. Park,
Winthrop D. Sheldon,

Geo. B. Beecher,
William B. Clark,
John B. Pearse,
Theo. S. Wynkoop.

FIRST DISPUTES.

John A. Davenport,
Alfred Hemenway,

Joseph N. Flint,
Oliver McClintock.

SECOND DISPUTES.

Hubert S. Brown,
Moulton DeForest,
Robert M. Fitzhugh,

Peter Collier,
Clarence Eddy,
Heber S. Thompson.

THIRD DISPUTES.

Albert H. Childs,
Charles T. Stanton,

Samuel B. Spear,
Geo. M. Towle.

COLLOQUIES.

Franklin S. Bradley,
John C. Kinney,

Geo. Delp,
Edw. P. McKinney,

John C. Tyler.

Ebenezer B. Convers,
Henry B. Ives,

Charles B. Hill,
Nathaniel T. Merwin.

The Senior Prize Debate in the Society of the Brothers in Unity, took place on Wednesday evening, Jan. 11th, 1860. The question discussed was, "Is there more to approve than to condemn in the political career of Napoleon III?" Hon. T. A. Osborne, Rev. Edward Strong, and Lemuel S. Potwin, M.A., served as umpires. The disputants were equally divided on the affirmative and negative of the question. The umpires awarded the

First prize to
The Second, to

William C. Johnston.
{ Marcus P. Knowlton,
{ W. Walter Phelps.

The prize debate of the Senior Class in the Linonian Society, was held on the ensuing Monday evening, January 16th; the Committee of Award, consisting of Prof. Noah Porter, Prof. T. Dwight, and W. C. Case, B. A. The question of debate was, "Is the religious tendency of the 'Minister's Wooing' beneficial?" There were five disputants in the affirmative to four in the negative. The decision was as follows:

First Prize,
Second Prize,

E. G. Mason.
{ Lowndes H. Davis,
{ D. Cady Eaton.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, held on the 18th of January,
JOSEPH LEONARD DANIELS,
was chosen class Orator;

CHARLES ALFRED BOINS
was chosen Class Poet.

There was an unusual degree of unanimity in the elections, both officers having been elected by more than a two-thirds vote on the first formal ballot. The elections were immediately made unanimous.

The Prize Debates of the Sophomore Class in Linonia, and the Brothers, occurred on the 18th and 19th of January, respectively.

In Linonia, (where, by the way, a recent change in the manner of the Bishop Prize Debate, separated the two classes, which heretofore have been accustomed to contend together for the Prizes,) the question was, "Ought a Lawyer to defend

a client whom he knows to be guilty?" the Committee of Award, consisting of W. H. Russell, Esq., Rev. Dr. Littlejohn, and Joseph Sheldon, Esq.

The first prize was awarded to	Daniel H. Chamberlain.
The second, " "	Franklin McVeagh.
The third, " "	John P. Taylor.

In the Brothers, the question "Is the preservation of the balance of power in Europe a justifiable cause of war?" was discussed,—Rev. George P. Fisher, L. R. Packard, M. A., and L. L. Paine, M. A., acting as umpires. Three disputants argued in the affirmative, and one in the negative. The umpires awarded the

First prize to	James P. Blake.
Second prize,	J. F. Brown, H. P. Johnston.
Third prize,	C. B. Sumner.

The Cockleureati for the class of '61 having been appointed, as usual, by the Cocklears of the preceding class, and objections having been raised against their system of appointment, the matter was discussed, fully and warmly, in a class meeting. It was finally decided that the class should elect a Spoon committee by ballot; whereupon the following gentlemen, who are the same as those appointed by the last committee, were elected.

R. S. Chamberlain,	H. B. Ives,	A. P. Root,
A. H. Childs,	W. M. Johnson,	S. Shearer,
W. H. Fuller,	S. Newell,	E. R. Sill,
		W. E. Sims.

The Class of '61 have also elected for Class Historians:

First Division,	Robert S. Chamberlain,
Second Division,	John C. Kinney.
Third Division,	Edward B. Sill.

On Wednesday afternoon, February 1st, 1860, the following gentlemen were elected, by the class of '61, editors of the Yale Literary Magazine during the ensuing year:

WILLIAM HENRY FULLER.....	Barryville, N. Y.
SEXTUS SHEARER.....	St. Louis, Mo.
JOSEPH LUCIEN SHIPLEY.....	Londonderry, N. H.
EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.....	Cuyahoga Falls, O.
RALPH OLMSTED WILLIAMS.....	Passaic, N. J.

Editor's Table.

The last six weeks of time have laid upon our table several incidents in the routine of college life, but none whose discussion would be agreeable to the mental palate of our readers. One term has closed, a vacation has passed away, we are now half way into another term; thus time flies, even when it is loaded down with the pleasures it brings to us in our student freedom. Many have enjoyed the past vacation, unusual in the steady continuance of delightful weather; many have skated, and played, and sung, and listened to the music of home; one enjoyed the vacation, but it was his last as well as first. A fellow-

student has gone. Thus, one by one, monuments have been raised along the pathway we have traveled, telling us, in the hilarity of our youth, 'This world is not the end of all things.' Have we forgotten this?

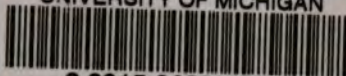
But the winter term, with all its excitements, is upon us. Prize debates, class elections, social gatherings have given us material for gossip and diversion. The debates, as usual, have satisfied some, and dissatisfied many. The successful competitors have had their respect for the sound judgment of the gentlemen who have acted as umpires, immensely increased. It is to be regretted that so few take advantage of the opportunities offered them in the prize debates; and it is surprising that, when every inducement of self improvement, excitement and emulation is offered that, as in one of our last debates, only as many competitors entered the field as there were prizes to be distributed. Of course, such a prize debate must, in some respects, be extremely farcical.

The Senior class has elected its officers for presentation with singular unanimity. No personal rivalry whatever having entered into the contest. The meeting for election was consequently a scene of hilarity and spicy fun. The most important, though not remarkable, incident of the meeting, was the fact that each one of the honored Board of Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine, received from the hands of their appreciative and grateful classmates, between one and two votes apiece, precisely, more or less, on an average, for the respective offices of class Poet and class Orator. We hereby, individually and collectively, publicly and privately, one and all, return our thanks to the class. But those who have once experienced the complex feeling of mingled honor and responsibility which animates the heart of an editor, above all, an editor of the Yale Literary Magazine, can look down with calm complacency upon the contests and struggles for minor offices. In confirmation of this fact, we appeal to the disinterested magnanimity of the editor who withdrew his formidable name from the contest after the first ballot, in order, we suppose, to give the rest a chance to compete with equals. During the progress of the election, one member, after expatiating eloquently on the "Impending Crisis," the "American Eagle," and the "Union," amid the wildest uproar and incessant calls to order, called upon the candidates to "define their position." When many members were finally able to gain their feet after bloodless struggles, and when partial order was restored, one candidate, amid roars of laughter, defined his position as between "two incomprehensible squirts."

We are sorry to say, that on this occasion a war of words occurred between the enterprising publisher of this magazine and that one of the editors who is especially conspicuous whenever personal bravery is involved. This ended in a verbal challenge from the aforesaid publisher to the aforesaid editor; and our brother editor, in the excitement of the moment, forgetting his dignified position, accepted the challenge. But the challengee, at request of the challenger, having named, as the place of meeting, "Mr. Bartain's country residence," the blood-thirsty spirit of the challenger was as much assuaged as was that of Brooks at the mention of Canada.

The Seniors have attended the annual levee, and have returned to their college rooms with far different notions of New Haven hospitality and New Haven society, than those which afflicted a desponding member of the last Senior class.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



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